

Lost Fight

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Lost Fight

I don't know why I wrote this to be honest. Dick Wolf owns Olivia Benson, I own my story.

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Tired.

It was the only word that could provide an accurate summation of all that she felt. She'd reached a point where everything had become nothing – her life and the world around her seemingly now just a painful reminder of all that could never be. Of words unsaid and things undone; of chances lost because she'd fearfully never taken them out of belief that she wasn't and would never be worthy of the joyous outcome they could bring and at the same time frightened of the disappointment. And so, she stood still. Always stood still as she watched life happen and she didn't dare intrude; she wasn't yet ready to live and for so long, perhaps too long, became content with merely existing. She'd always known that she'd never be a part of this great dance because she wasn't meant for it; and through all of the years, all the reasons she had given herself for holding on; all of the blessings that she'd been forcing herself to count, she realized that they weren't and that she had been doing nothing more than making excuses for the truth. The only way for her pain to end, for her to break free of the cocoon that she'd been trapped in her entire life would be to just let it go; to stop struggling and just fade. Truthfully, the idea was quite appealing; slipping into nothing had to be better than feeling everything so painfully, exquisitely deep.

Trying to be okayâ€|but there is no okay when all you've known your entire life is pain. She's gone through so much for so long that eventually, in spite of her hardest attempts at being normal, at being strongâ€|at being okay, all she really was is a vessel that carried a broken, despondent soul; one that has seen too much, hurt too much, been too lonely and too unloved. That soul can never fly because its' wings have been too long laden with the weight of misery keeping it grounded and if she can't see a way to rise above her pain, to soar from its clutches and painful reminders of the broken girl she will always beâ€| how can she ever be okay?

It's so funny how just when she's managing to pull herself out of the darkness, the very smallest thing pulled her back in. the fog would begin to lift and she make her way back slowly to life and then she's reminded that she doesn't belong there.

She promised him that she wouldn't leave. But instead, he did. She stood in that hospital watching as they tried to get him breathing but he was gone. She thought they'd have the world and together would make it better; he would make her better. She promised him many a night that no matter what, she would stay but now she doesn't know how to keep that promise; not when the pain is greater than her word and she's starting to wonder if perhaps it's greater than love.

She can't stay here! Her soul dies a little more every day while her pain grows. And now the memoriesâ€|why won't the memories stop haunting her? She just need some peace. Just a little peace; foreverâ€|

She's in control, she holds the power over her life! She keeps telling herself these things; that her past no longer has the power to hurt her but it doesâ€| and it doesâ€|it still does. She tried so hard to be okay but everything she's gone throughâ€|it's cut too deep and no matter how much time passes, her wounds won't heal; they're just in a constant cycle of scabbing then being ripped open again and she's left bleeding.

Why can't her moments of happy linger? Why can't they, instead of the past be what stays with her, be what defines her, be what guides her? She tries but she can't escape. Why won't the darkness just let go? Maybe it's time she forced it.

"I love you Noah. I tried." She buried her son today and this was the last thing she said before she swallowed the last of the bottle of sleeping pills she had taken, and chased it down with scotch.

Finally, she'd be at peace.

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End
file.